

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

TROPICAL RECOLLECTIONS:

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

I HAD wandered for several hours, with my gun slung across my shoulder, through the lonely but fruitful and ever-verdant scenes of Guiana, and was returning little satisfied with the result of my expedition, having shot but three wood-pigeons, and an *accouri*, when I came to an extensive *bosch* or forest which I had previously ranged. The sun had lost much of his power, and was evidently on the wane, but his former influence seemed still upon me, and I felt nearly exhausted from the fatigue I had undergone. I determined, however, to proceed, and took my way through a narrow and broken path from which the sun and the winds, of heaven appeared shut out by the high and thickly-foliaged trees. The white cedar towered there in its beauty, whilst the *wallaba*, with its iron trunk and leafy crown, threw its broad arms across, as if to shield it from impending storms. Here and there a bead-tree, with leaves fairy-like, and graceful as these of the acacia, gave its red tributes to the parched earth, and the orange-coloured *semitos* hung like golden gems from the bright green boughs that held them. As I wandered on, my thoughts insensibly became "part and parcel" of the solitary scene around me. The mind of man is a universal mould, capable of receiving impressions from the most varied and even contradictory objects; it is Nature's depositary for her choicest works—the hive of all her sweets. It enhances her vivid and sparkling beauties, and lends a twilight softness to the luxuriant noon-day of her glories. Nay, it goes even beyond this, and bears a still closer affinity to nature. It has its (intellectual) dawn, its noon, and eve, and night like her; its spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter; its flowers and its weeds, its bloom and its mildew; its changes of good and ill; its splendour and its

desolation. Can we then wonder that the mind, feeling this existing sympathy, should possess an acute susceptibility of the charms and influence of eternal objects, and from the meanest flower and lowliest shrub gather high thoughts and love, and soothing, because holy inspirations? Can we then wonder that it should, when under the dominion of contending emotions, admire the moodier, the grander, the stormier scenery of Nature? Her caves, and ocean, and mountain-rivers: her gloomy forests and her solitudes? Or that, when it is itself filled with gentler and fairer and holier sensations, it should delight in Nature's calmer and more soothing scenes? Her green hills, and placid streams, and fairy moonlight? He who wanders in loneliness and solitude of heart finds a solace (a melancholy one it is true, but yet it is a solace) in correspondingscenes. If he be proud in his deep misery, the words of his fellow-man, meant to express *pity*, may be construed into *offence*; for sorrow is suspicious; but a scene over which Nature has thrown a gloom and blossomless sterility, speaks to his heart in the silent language of true sympathy, and breathes compassion without words. *He* is most in love with Nature who thinks she mourns with him. Her gaiety would seem to mock his desolation: but her tears fall on his sorrows like dew upon the withered flower; and he feels that he is no longer alone, for Nature holds communion with him in his wretchedness, and bids her doves sigh, and her clouds weep with him. His real griefs become wedded to the apparent ones of Nature. She is at once the sharer and alleviator of his griefs, his nurse as well as companion.

Who that has, in the pride of youth and robust strength, ascended some lofty mountain, whose summit the clouds have chosen for their resting-place; who that has reclined upon some giant rock, and gazed upon the majesty of ocean, has not felt his soul imbued with the sublimity of such scenes? Has not felt his spirit, at those moments, become free as the mountain-air he breathes, and his thoughts boundless as the ocean he surveys? Who that has heard the low of cattle, the hum of bees, the song of birds,

and the fall of distant waters when the day is departing from the earth slowly, as a lover from his mistress, has not imbibed serenity and peace? Such were my thoughts and feelings as I moved slowly on my way. I had nearly reached the extremity of the forest when I saw an Indian sitting beneath a spreading mango-tree. He had a parrot on his arm, and several neatly and curiously made baskets were at his side. He appeared lost in thought, and did not notice me until I approached close to the spot where he was seated. Like others of his nation, he had his body painted red, and his straight black hair reached down to his hips. I had often remarked that the faces of all these Indians appeared the same—faithful copies of one original—exhibiting a sleek but indolent placidity—a careless and inert content; but in him, although his features individually may have resembled those which I had before seen, I traced lines of deep thought and melancholy reflection. I had never but once spoken to any of his race, and that was merely for a moment, and I became curious to learn something respecting them. I addressed him, and was happy to find by his answering salutation that he could perfectly understand me. He spoke to me in a mixture of broken Dutch and English, which he had learnt in the course of his little trading journeys to the towns inhabited by European settlers. I sat down beside him, and by degrees, we entered into familiar conversation. By the aid of a little rum, which I carried in a leathern cup, I made him tolerably communicative; and, at last, in the wild and metaphorical style of all savage people, he thus recounted the events of his past life:—

“I am of the Arrowauk nation—and from my youth upwards was trained by my father to the use of the bow and gun. Whilst yet a boy I could bring down, with either, the smallest birds, even when they were at their utmost speed. For this reason I became noticed by my countrymen, and the maidens looked upon me with a favourite eye, and listened to me with a willing ear. There was one among them whom I had known from childhood. Ayana was as beautiful to my eyes, as the purple berries to the wood-dove, or the *mispel* to the humming-bird. I lived not when she was away from me. She was my breath. I was not then as I now am, and many maidens would have shared my hut—but Ayana was in my heart, and I loved no other. Never shall I forget the day when I took her home! As she stepped into my *koriaal*, she looked like a good spirit coming to bless Ouyo, and as we glided down the falls of the river, she was like the bright moon descending from the blue sky. We have none like her now in all our nation. Ayana brought me five chil-

dren, and we lived together like the seven stars that dwell in the quiet heavens. When I left my hut to fish in the river or shoot in the woods for our daily food, Ayana was troubled, and would look after me in sorrow: when I returned, whether good or ill success attended me, she was glad in her heart, and smiled, and welcomed me. When I was ill, and the burning fever dried my brain, she bound the cool banana leaves round my forehead, and supported my delirious head upon her bosom; and when I was weary, she would sing me to sleep in her arms.* Oh! how good, how kind was Ayana then! But the fruit cannot hang for ever on the boughs, nor our joys cling eternally to the tree of life. Mine I am sure did not. Before a moon was old I saw four of my little treasures sink one by one into coldness and death. They fell not like guava in their ripeness, but were plucked green from their father's heart. While the hot fever scorched up their little lips and withered their infant strength, I could not bear to leave them. I went not out to fish—I had no heart to load my gun, or bear my unheeded bow. Ayana used to weep, but I could not, although my bosom was full of tears. When the last breath left the lips of my fourth child, who was most like Ayana of them all, I think I died too, or else a sad change came over me. I can but imperfectly describe what I then felt. It was, and still is, like a dream. All that I can remember is, that I seemed not to have altered in form but in mind, and to have lost all feel-

* I occasionally met Ouyao afterwards in — Town, and took an opportunity of learning from him the nature of the songs that Ayana used to sing. He translated one of them literally, which I took down, and prevailed on him afterwards to repeat in his own language, by which means I was enabled to judge of the rhyme and metre. I give it here. It is as near to the original as I could possibly bring it.

Swiftly goes the *koriaal* over the hurrying waters
When the dwellings of the white men are seen afar;
Swiftly dart the tempest-fires through the cloudy heavens,
And swiftly through the night-scene shoots the falling star.

But swifter than the *koriaal* upon the hurrying waters
When the dwellings of the white men are seen afar,
And swifter than the tempest-fires that pierce the cloudy heavens,

Or the bright and rapid flight of the sky descending star,

Are the maiden's steps when gaily at sun-set time they roam

To meet her Indian hunter-love and lead him to her home.

Fondly loves the *anaquaw* the cool and silent shade,
The lizard loves the sun—and early or late
The blossom loves the dews, which leave their blue abodes,

And dearly loves the forest-bird his gentle forest mate,

But dearer than to *anaquaw* the cool and silent shade,
Than sunshine to the lizard or his mate to forest dove—

Is the feeling in the maiden's heart when at the close of day

She wanders forth to greet with smiles her Indian-hunter love.

ing either of good or evil. I appeared to be in the same spot as before; but there was nothing above, below or around me, except a kind of cloud, or troubled water, or something which was, and yet was not distinct. At that time I was nothing—or at best like that trunk (and he pointed to a tree that had fallen though a few green leaves upon the top indicated that there were still some vestiges of existence remaining in it) which, though there is yet some life about it, can never flourish more. I had a wife—but felt not that I was a husband:—I had still one child left—but knew not that I was a father. My mind was dark. It was Ayana's kiss that awakened me from the dead; and I went out and dug a grave for my child, beside her brothers and sisters; and I laid her in it and returned to Ayana. And she was weeping, and then I wept too and felt comforted. And we lived on, and dearly cherished our only child, and she was as a bright star shining through the night of our sorrow. One day as I was returning home, loaded with the produce of my toil, I felt an unusual pressure on my mind. And I had misgivings of evil, but knew not what that evil was. Ayana came not out to meet me as she was wont, and this confirmed my forebodings. I was unwilling and yet anxious to enter the hut. I at length opened the door, and at the sight of Ayana I started, and I said 'Our child is dead!' and Ayana answered not, but wept. And she pointed to a mat at the corner of the hut and groaned aloud.

"There lay the body of our lovely—our innocent—our last child; and I had none but Ayana to care for in the whole world. My poor girl had gone without suspecting danger into my korial just above the falls, and sighed her sweet spirit out upon the cold and desolating waters. When I threw the pitiless earth over the body of the last one that my blood had warmed—that my breath had animated—it seemed to fall upon my own heart. Ah! I shall never forget how lonely Ayana and I became. We would sit for hours together without speaking, and gaze upon the spot where our children used to lie; and then we would turn and look at each other, and sigh in the anguish of our childless hearts. But there was a still darker storm hanging over the peace of Ouayo. One of our nation, in passing near my hut, was severely bitten by *bosch-meester* (bush-master), whose bite is considered to be beyond the reach of cure. I had learnt from my father, who had acquired a great reputation amongst our countrymen on account of his knowledge of plants and shrubs, to judge with some certainty of the powers and properties of the various healing herbs; and I immediately endeavoured to make that which I had learnt sub-

servient to a good purpose. I was with Uteko for many a long day and sleepless night, and watched him with a brother's care when darkness was on his brain—and the sky-fires in his eye. He recovered, and seemed grateful, and I loved him well. But, oh! he was like the coral-snake—and had two faces.* One of seeming friendship deceived me:—the other of pretended love beguiled Ayana. I will tell you all; although the recollection of what has passed nearly maddens me.

"I sometimes went to the town of the white men to sell the baskets that Ayana made, and the parrots and parroquets which I caught in the forests. And I joyed to deal with the white men, and loved to bring home the produce of my journey, and make glad the heart of Ayana. I used to go in a korial with others of my countrymen, and return again with them. Once we had proceeded but a short distance when I saw a noble deer at a distance. I took a bow and arrow which was in the korial, landed, and followed the track of his hoofs as quickly and as silently as I could; but I never got within shot of him; and at last, owing to the thickness of the forest, entirely lost sight of him. Hurried on by the ardour of the chase I had roamed nearly to my own hut, and as my thirst was excessive, I determined to turn my steps homeward. There was a bamboo-tree not far from my hut, under whose shade my children used to play, and Ayana and myself were wont to sit at noon. As I came in sight of this spot, I saw two figures, and they were clasped in each others embrace, and my heart misgave me and my strength failed. And as I drew nearer I saw that one was Uteko, and the other Ayana. The friend and wife. The blighter and the blighted. The betrayer and the betrayed. My left hand grasped the bow—my right drew the quivering cord—the arrow was in his heart! And he passed away from the living in his guilt—and with the faithless kiss of lust upon his lips. I rushed towards Ayana and seized her by the throat. In that moment no thought of our past love entered my breast, or if it did, it was but to make my vengeance more certain. My mind was in a sleep, and a dream of blood came across it. I was then, indeed, what the white men call every living being amongst us, a savage. And humanity had perished within me, and the night clouds were on my brain. A last shriek awakened me. It was the last sound Ayana ever uttered: for when my eyes turned on her she was dead in my grasp; and her eyes had started from their sockets. I could not endure the sight—my blood was

* The coral-snake, or blind snake, as it is likewise called, has much the same appearance at both extremities:—hence it is supposed by the natives to be double-headed.

cold—and indistinct shadowy forms seemed gliding around me. I fell with the lifeless body of Ayana to the earth, and knew not that I breathed.

"I can only remember the way in which I started from my trance of death. It was the sensation of a sudden chill running through every vein, that aroused me. I looked around but I was in darkness, and the bats flittered across me, and the night-winds called to the forest. And I remember not what had happened, for my senses were still straying in the shadows of the night. With the noise I made on awaking I had startled the timorous guana, for I heard him rustling through the fallen leaves to avoid me; and then came my senses back again, and I thought that I had dreamed of horrors—but knew nothing further. The moon stole into the dark sky, and her beams fell on the altered face of Ayana. I knelt down beside her, and I remembered all things, and my deserted heart was sick with sorrow. The spirits of my fathers seemed passing before me, and I thought they summoned me to the land of rest, and I lay me down to die. But death was pitiless, and came not. And there was a mountain on my breast, and I longed for the dark waters to roll over me. The world seemed dead—for I had none now to love—none to cherish me—and the skies, and the trees, and the hills, and the waves had become hateful to my sight. I felt that I could never know happiness again, for Ayana was gone from me, like the rainbow from a sky of clouds and storms—like a sun-ray from the valleys it had brightened."

As he concluded, he covered his face with his hands, and sighed deeply, and remained for some time apparently lost in thought. The night was closing around us, and the anaquaw was pouring its sad notes on the winds; we arose from our leafy seat, and it was with a melancholy feeling that I saw the heart-stricken Indian go on his way to the town of the white men.

M. DE LA JACQUINIÈRE.

Jacquot was the son of a village cobbler: his parents were poor, but industrious, and he lost them whilst in infancy: at an early age he gave ample proofs of sagacity, for he availed himself of every resource that presented to accumulate the penny: he attended the goats and cows; conducted the horses to water, and waited in the evening at the only inn in the village, where, by chance, a "god-send" induced some solitary traveller to stop. Though sleeping on straw; subsisting on brown bread, fruit, and milk, he sang from the break of morn till its close; and on gaining sufficient to allow of a light recreation, none footed it so nimbly

or merrily in the Sunday's dance. His native village, was in his eyes, a beautiful city; the notary's house, a palace; and the villagers, so many lords and ladies—the most exalted of the creation:—thus he dotted on the fields, woods, lawns and rivulets, and also on a certain little peasant, named Susan, though not even gifted with wisdom, wealth, or personal charms, was nevertheless, in his eyes, an angel of perfection. Jacquot had but just attained his eighteenth year, when a young nobleman passing through the village, discovering something pleasing in the physiognomy of the industrious peasant, proposed to conduct him to Paris and insure his fortune. Jacquot had then but little idea of the advantages gained by homage to this volatile deity, but desire of seeing the capital, a feeling of curiosity, and a secret presentiment of future greatness induced him to accept the offer. He wept bitterly on bidding adieu to his fields, his dog, Prin, his goats, cows, and Susan, ejaculating, "Ah, well! I won't be long ere I return; and then I shall tell Prin and Susey all the wonders I have seen in the great city."

Jacquot arrives in Paris: first figures as a groom, then footman, afterwards valet de chambre, when he dropped the name of Jacquot (or Jem,) as being too vulgar for his aspiring ideas; an appellation that also occasioned the laughter of the housemaids. He assumed that of Jaques (Jemmy,) as a designation far more imposing; and ere the termination of the year, Mister Jacques had entirely forgot his favourite dog Prin, his cattle, woods, hamlet, and his Susan: in the interim he studied with assiduity; learned to read and write; became steward; knew how to calculate, and with strong intellects soon became initiated in subtraction and multiplication: most stewards know the first rule quoted—to their employer's cost. A comprehension of division was essential, with which he soon became perfectly acquainted: he learned to divide, and next proceeded to interest; this he managed with equal facility, by lending money on *interest*, by which an enormous profit was obtained: briefly, after occupying the multifarious situations of steward to a naval and military contractor; secretary of the opera, and confidential agent to a Russian prince, and member of the chamber of Senate, a handsome fortune crowned the anxious endeavours of this deep plodding politician. Courtied by all; he entered into extensive financial speculations, in which he was ever so favoured by fortune, that on attaining his thirtieth year, an income of 30,000 livres was at his disposal. "Booing, booing" did the business.

"Nor e'en Sir Pertinax such homage shewed
As this, his prototype upon the great bestow'd."

Jacques now began to think that he had pruned sufficiently from the garden of Plutus, resolved on enjoying the fruit that he had so amply reaped. His dream of fortune was not now ideal: he purchased an extensive estate; established an elegant equipage; engaged his livery servants; assuming the title of M. de la Jacquiniere, or Squire James: here was a prodigious change, but true; thus

Mushrooms from mingled garbage rise,
And are to votaries of taste a prize!

Repairing one day to the country villa, his carriage was overset by accident at the entrance of a poor village, and whilst workmen were sent in quest of, to place it in repair, our unfortunate squire alighted, and looking around, exclaimed, "Heavens! what a filthy hole! what a wretched receptacle! what a despicable country! stagnate pools, filthy quagmires, dirty hovels, frightful rustics, not a single spot where a person of consequence can with decency repose! My organs are quite affected at the bare idea of being compelled to remain here till my vehicle is put in order—confound the rascally coachman, he shall be discharged immediately I reach home"—for this hamlet—have it in his own words—for M. de la Jacquiniere presumed now to be a man of letters—a poet, forsooth—and no mean one either, at least he was so flattered by numerous parasites, who admired the delicacies of his table—

"'Tis a degenerate—a vile abode,
Which courtier's feet hath never trod;
And I, who half the courtiers reign,
Can only view it with disdain."

Whilst making these sapient observations, our squire had advanced to the bank of a purling rill, whose deviating banks formed, in his eye, an uncouth contrast with the level embankment of his artificial canal, although in the crystal wave, he beheld the finny brood gaily disporting, as he seated himself on a sward beneath an ancient willow—a prospect that had never greeted him in his own torpid reservoirs.

M. de la Jacquiniere had been seated but for a few minutes when he was surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats and cows, who were under the *surveillance* of a swarthy female peasant and her dog; the latter, though nearly blind from age, distanced the flock, and hastened with kind and anxious familiarity to lick the hand of the astonished, alarmed, and indignant squire of the town. "Lud, lud, lud!" shouted the lusty conductress, "what may be all this? I never saw Prin so affectionate to any one in all my born days, except *poor Jacquot*." On the mention of this plebeian name, the wealthy gentleman blushed deeply; a thousand conflicting thoughts pervaded his mind; he gazed around: can it be; yes, it is so!

he is in his native village; Susan is before him, under the very willow, beneath which he has so often slept and dreamed—dreamed;—ay, but never of moving in his present sphere!

Oh, M. de la Jacquiniere! what must be your sensations; what those of one devoted to ancient friends and place of nativity? Imagination pictures you pressing in your warm embrace, the poor girl whom you formerly so fondly cherished; your tears distilling on your parent's humble sod; your bounties falling like refreshing April showers on the inhabitants of your native hamlet; the companions of your infancy enjoying the social delight of greeting your prosperity in the garden where erst you passed with them so many hours in revelry:—learn the reverse—Prin, poor faithful Prin, the dog so affectionately faithful, was spurned from him with indignation: methinks his melancholy howl still peals on my ear, awakening grievous contrasts. He hastened from Susan and the village; ascended his coach, and on reaching the splendid villa, caused the neck of a beautiful parrot to be twisted, for having had the misfortune to exclaim, "Have you dined Jacquot?"

His was a love of wealth; so strong—so sure,
As neither time could change, or art could cure.

THE GLEANER.

GENEROUS PATRONAGE.—A poor poet once sent a poem to Mr. Pope, concluding with these lines:

'The most I seriously would hope,
Is just to read the words, A. Pope,
Writ, without sneer, or shew of banter,
Beneath your friendly imprimatur.'

When Pope had read the poem, he returned it to the author, with the subscription money for two sets of his works, accompanied by the following couplet,

'May these put money in your purse,
For I assure you I've read worse.'

Mr. Rock, the player, once advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription, on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to shew him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said, 'Why, Mr. Rock, won't *you* give me something?' 'Is it me you mean?' says Rock; 'why, zounds, man, didn't I *give you the hint*?'

Two cardinals objected to Raphael, the great master of the pencil, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenance of St. Peter and St. Paul. 'Be not astonished at that, my lords, I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church so *badly governed*.'

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

THE Avalanches of snow are the most common, and yet the most formidable phenomena of the Alps. Happy those who contemplate at a distance, and freed from danger, enjoy without fear so magnificent a spectacle, especially during the spring, in which they are the most frequent and considerable; they behold the snows detached by the winds, or by other causes, from their elevated abodes, precipitated at first in small quantities on the points of the mountains; then enlarging by degrees as they advance, uniting to their masses the fresh snows, and soon forming gigantic masses; which draw down with an awful crash, ices, stones, and rocks, breaking and overturning extensive forests, houses, and all other obstacles which they meet in their passage; precipitating themselves into the vallies, which they render desolate, with the rapidity of lightning, and frequently overwhelming whole villages with ruin and death! not a year passes without the recital of such dreadful visitations, with which the history of Switzerland is replete. In the high Alps, and in the vallies exposed to Avalanches, the inhabitants take care to place their cottages on the borders of the forests, whose fir trees may preserve them in case of danger, and stop their first impetuosity.

The inhabitants of the Mountains of Switzerland are exposed to the falling of the earth, or stones, and of rocks, which are not less formidable than those of snow, and which are accompanied with circumstances still more terrific: the annals of the Valais, the Grisons, the Thessin, and many other Mountainous Cantons, have preserved their history by tradition; and have left the traces of past desolation and ruin. Hurricanes, mingled with whirlwinds of snow, are likewise very dangerous for travellers passing the high Alps; they obstruct in a short time the roads and passes; they heap together immense quantities of snow; sometimes they envelop men and animals; at other times, they instantaneously blind them, and do not permit them to discern their route; so that they are in the utmost danger of mistaking their way, and falling into the precipices that surround them. The fissures which enclose the ice, are often found to be of a prodigious depth, and beginning of the summer, by beds of snow, which hide them from view, and sink on a sudden, when surcharged with any foreign weight. Accidents arising from these fissures are numerous, and form one of the ordinary subjects of caution and conversation among the

mountain-guides. Hunters often meet death in these fissures, or in other precipices near which they daily hazard their venturous steps: the story of John Heltz in the annals of Glaris, of David Ywicki, and especially of Gaspard Stoeri, are still recited and heard with renewed interest and astonishment.

Many of the mountains are themselves remarkable either for productions of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, for the passes, which have been cultivated, or the beautiful views which all may enjoy who are capable of climbing to the summits; but none of these belong to the highest mountains, where the excessive cold excludes every kind of vegetation. In less than an hour the *Notre Dame des Neiges*, at the summit of Rigi, in the Canton of Schwitz, presents the most beautiful view in all Switzerland, and surpassing every other view in Europe: the most favourable time is about half an hour preceding sun-rise, before the clouds and vapours of the morning have ascended into the air: the temperature is then serene, and an immense picture, infinitely diversified, is unfolded to the astonished spectator. Rossberg, which is separated from Rigi by the little valley of Lowertz, well deserves the attention of every lover of the beauties of nature: the falling of earths and rocks, which happened on Sept. 6, 1806, after a continual rain of 24 hours, and which covered a space of two leagues in length, and spread 100 feet in thickness over a league in breadth, of desolation, covering and overwhelming the most beautiful and fertile vales of this Canton, destroyed 484 persons, 325 cattle, 2 churches, 111 houses, and 20 stables.

The country of the Grisons is less visited, but is more worthy of the notice of travellers. Nature there presents the most striking contrasts of culture and desolation, of immense seas of ice separating the highest summits; and what is most admirable of all the glaciers of the Alps, that of Bernina, whose ice is several hundred toises in thickness, and which extends nine leagues between the Valteline, the valley of Bergell, and Engudine. The highest mountains of this Canton, especially those which bound it to the north, to the east, and the south, and those which form the vast mass near the glacier of the Rhine, are all of primitive nature, and are composed of granite and original calcar.

In passing through the Canton of Valais we find two chains of mountains which encircle the great valley of the Rhone, and separate it from Italy and the Canton of Berne, forming a double wall of great magnitude, charged with enormous glaciers, and bounded by deep vallies; there is no entrance into Valais except by the pass of St. Maurice, and this is so narrow, that the Rhone scarce-

ly finds its way. Naturalists observe in the mountains of the Valais, a vast variety of beds, of forms, of inclinations, of rents, and fallings; they are all primitives, with the exception of a small portion of the northern chain, which is composed of calcareous stones, bedded on schistus. Gypsum shows itself the whole length of the valley of the Rhone on both banks of the river. The Grimsel, the Gemmi, and Great St. Bernard, stand foremost in this Canton, and never have failed to awaken the astonishment of scientific travellers.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

It is neither in the management of the plot, which the author derived from the Italian novelist, nor in the delineation of its necessary characters, that the merit of this elegant comedy is comprised. Benedick and Beatrice constitute its real claim to admiration. Scarcely in any way connected with the main incident, and in no shape existing in the original, they form the peculiar charm of the play. They are alike in disposition and mind, and that very similarity is ingeniously made the foundation of an avowed hostility between them, which expresses itself in agreeable, yet pointed raillery. Benedick is endowed with every accomplishment that becomes a gentleman, "of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty;" and his courteous qualities are graced by wit, which is remarkable for its promptitude, brilliancy, and good-nature, perpetually playing on an imaginary dislike to matrimony. Beatrice is delineated in a style spirited and entertaining. She is happy in the possession of an amiable temper; and the essence of her mental character is wit, which, like Benedick, she directs with peculiar felicity against love and marriage.

In the gaiety of his fancy, Shakspeare resolved to reconcile and to marry these wit combatants. He has made each anxious for the favourable opinion of the other, though they are apparently foes: thus Benedick is piqued at being called the Prince's jester, and Beatrice's vanity is wounded at being reproached for taking her wit from the Hundred Merry Tales. Each party dreaded the other's scorn; but when Benedick believed that Beatrice loved him, all fear of raillery ceased; his self-opinion was flattered, and we are prepared to find him

returning her supposed passion; for he had already avowed that "if she were not possessed by a fury, she exceeded Hero as much in beauty, as the first of May does the last of December." The whole of Benedick's soliloquy, as he falls into the snare that is laid for him, is a fine satire on the mutability of opinion, and an admirable specimen of that specious mode of argument by which we reconcile to our judgments the suggestions of self-love. The management of Beatrice is equally happy. She loved, because she thought that another loved her—a beautiful illustration of a general truth: she was a generous, feeling woman, and needed no cold sophistry, the pride of intellect, before she yielded up her heart.

Shakspeare has been deservedly praised for his skill in overcoming the difficulties that still interposed between the union of Benedick and Beatrice. Delay was impossible; the story of Benedick's love being a fable, great care was necessary to prevent Beatrice from discovering the deception practised on her; a discovery which would have altogether defeated the design of bringing her and Benedick together, for Beatrice never could have condescended to own a passion she had been tricked into. Shakspeare, therefore, combines in her mind, a desire of revenge on Claudio with her new feelings for Benedick. In the most natural way possible, she engages her lover to call Claudio to account for the injury done her cousin; and she is thus at once compelled to drop her capricious humour, and treat Benedick with the confidence and candour her service merited.

Benedick and Beatrice are the pure and beautiful productions of Shakspeare's imagination. He first conceived and gave a faint sketch of their characters in "Love's Labour Lost." In "Much Ado about Nothing," they expanded into finished portraits, and launched into a new scene of action, for which he himself was the entire inventor. It is not often that Shakspeare appears as the constructor of his dramatic incidents. The plot on the two marriage haters is ingeniously conceived and executed; and the characters of the parties being as similar as is consistent with the difference of sex, the practice of the same mode of deception on each of them is highly natural and humorous.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MRS. CLIVE.

If ever there were a true comic genius, Mrs. Clive was one:—she, perhaps, was

never equalled in her walk (as the stage term is)—certainly, never excelled. She was always inimitable when she appeared in strong characters of *middle* or *low* life. Her NELL, in the *Devil to Pay*, was nature itself; and the spirit, roguery, and speaking looks of her chambermaids, accompanied with the most expressive voice that ever satisfied the ear of an audience, made her loss irreparable.

As strong humour is in general the great characteristic mark of an English comedy, so was it of this laughter-loving, joy-exciting actress! To enumerate the different parts in which she excelled, would be but feebly describing what the audiences have felt so powerfully—her extraordinary talents could even raise a dramatic *trifle*, provided there was nature in it, to a character of importance; for instance, the *fine lady* in *Lethe*, and the yet smaller part of *Lady Fuz*, in the *Peep behind the Curtain*—such sketches, in her hands, became high finished pictures! But, that this may not be considered a partial account of this favourite comedian, we will venture to assert, she could not reach the higher characters in comedy, though she was ever excellent in the affectation of them. When the high life polish of elegance was to appear in all the conscious superiority of a *Lady Townly*, we cannot say that Mrs. Clive would have done justice to herself, or the character; but had the least affected imitation of that appeared upon the stage, her merit would, in proportion, have been equal to that of Mrs. Oldfield! To shew the great powers of the actress in question, we shall give an instance of it, where she forced the whole town to follow and applaud her in a character which she certainly did not perform as the author intended it—but which could not be resisted, and gave high entertainment to those critics, who frankly acknowledged they were misled by the talents of the actress. The part we mean is Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. In the first place, blank verse, as it wants the truth and elegance of nature, was not uttered by Mrs. Clive with that delightful spirit which she always gave to prose; the lawyer's scene of Portia (as it is called) in the fourth act, was certainly meant by Shakspeare, to be solemn, pathetic, and affecting—the circumstances must make it so, and therefore the comic finishing which Mrs. Clive gave to the different parts of the pleadings (though vastly comic) was not in character.

If, therefore, this great theatrical genius was able to entertain, contrary to the intention of the author, what must we say of her, or what words can describe her merits, when she appeared in the fulness of her powers, and was the very person she represented?

Tate Wilkinson, the celebrated mimic, relates the following anecdote of Mrs. Clive.—He had been receiving a pretty smart lecture from Garrick before the whole corps dramatique of Drury-lane Theatre, for imitating sundry performers—to wit Messrs. Sparks, Barry, Sheridan, Foote, &c. on that stage. The actors and actresses, one and all, applauded the goodness of Mr. Garrick's heart, and sneered at the lowered pride of an upstart mimic, and his imitations. "I was exceedingly embarrassed and mortified," says Wilkinson, "when up came to me Dame Clive, who said aloud, 'Fie, young man, fie! and declared it was impudent and shocking for a young fellow to gain applause at the expense of the players, whose reputation with the public rested in their good opinion, and the performers ought to appear quiet, peaceable, and well-behaved, and not act in such a hostile manner as I had done with those gentlemen, who endeavour to get a livelihood.—'Now,' added she, 'I can, and do myself, *take off*, but then it is only the Mingotti, and a set of Italian squalling devils, who come over to England to get our bread from us; and I say curse them all for a parcel of Italian——';—and so," says Tate, "Madame Clive made her exit, and with the approbation of all the stage lords and ladies in waiting, whilst I stood like a puppy-dog in a dancing school."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF

CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S

Borings for fresh water in the City of New-York, with the stationary temperature of that fluid all the year round, in the strata below.

G. W. MURRAY Esq., is the proprietor of the great establishment for preparing white lead (or carbonate of lead) at the Sailor's Snug-harbour, near Broadway. A capital desideratum with him was to obtain a copious supply of good water. Accordingly, he, several years ago, dug a well fifty-two feet deep, in front of his manufactory. At the bottom of this he was incommoded by a stratum of quicksand, or wet running sand. There the business rested until the present season, when he prosecuted the business of sinking a tube deeper down from the bottom of his well. He had penetrated the earth in his first experiment, below high-water level, to low-water mark.

The men, who executed the interior operations, were coal-miners from the west of England. They reserved in exact order, specimens of the several strata they traversed to the solid rock, forming, as is believed, the bed of the Hudson River. They prepared a geological map, representing, in profile, a view of the successive layers through which they passed: and they accompanied the whole with geognostic observations. They have since entered the service of the Schuylkill Coal Company, to which they are considered as a valuable acquisition.

The distance they opened, from the old bottom, to the stopping place, was somewhat more than thirty-five feet; making rather above eighty-three feet in the whole, from the surface downward. It will be remembered that the rocks of this formation, in the city and county of New-York are granite, or rather gneiss; and that over these is superinduced an alluvial formation, composed of a disintegration of the original or primitive materials, and of various modern deposits, frequently abounding with organic remains. In the present case, coarse stiff gravel, with mica slate, and sand-stone, in various mixtures, of which mica, was a dominant ingredient, presented themselves, all the way down. No animal or vegetable relics occurred. The water, though increased, at three several points of the diggings, appeared to be exceedingly pure. Yet, a more abundant supply was desired. The proprietor was withheld from a further prosecution of his plan, at the present time, by reason of a similar work going on, at the expense of the Manhattan Company, in the same neighbourhood at the corner of Bleecker-street and Broadway: and, as by a comparison of the borings, they appear to have struck on precisely the same rock, he intends to wait the issue of their experiments before he proceeds any further.

A memorable fact is stated concerning the temperature of the water drawn from this low depth. It was no more than fifty-two degrees of Fahrenheit's scale; whereas, it had resulted from a series of careful experiments, made on the spring waters on the North side of Long Island, and the well waters of New-York in 1803, and published in the 7th volume of the Medical Repository, p.414-416; that the heat was 54°,

thus making the uniform and unchanging temperature two degrees less than had heretofore appeared.

New Views of the organic relics, commonly called Orthoceratites.

The communication from J. Dorfeuille Esq., of Cincinnati, was read, dated at the Western Museum, November 19, 1824. "It affords me pleasure," he writes, "to state that I have been fortunate enough to find in the lime-stone formation of Ohio, a beautiful specimen of orthoceratite, the only perfect one I have ever seen or read of. Both the head and caudal process are very complete, and seem, in my humble opinion, from the many valves, with the edges running one after another, all along the head and back, to bespeak it a remnant of an extinct species of the genus *Oniscus*. It also bears a close resemblance to the *chitons*. I shall, as soon as practicable, figure and describe it; and forward the paper to the Academy of Natural Sciences." It is understood that naturalists have considered these animal remains, as polythalamous shells, or their contents, as they have, since death, been filled with earthy or other matter. These many-chambered productions have accordingly been classed as allied to the extensive family of the Nautilus, Spirula, and their congeners, of which many species are found in a fossil state; and of which there exists this peculiarity, that nobody has, as yet, discovered the living animals that must have once inhabited the shells of the species, which exist fresh in the ocean.

To transfer these articles, concerning which so much remains to be discovered, from the place they now occupy in the zoological system, to the gasteropodal order of the molluscas, where the Chitons stand; or to the isopodal order of the *crustacea*, where the oniscuses are ranged, requires strong evidence. But the gentleman thinks he possesses it; and great reliance was placed on his scientific and discriminating powers; well worthy to be engaged in disentangling a subject so involved and intricate as the present.

A communication from Dr. James Lakey,

of Canandaigua, was read, in the following words:

"Canandaigua, October 20, 1824.

"In Mitchill's Address to the Agricultural Society of the county of New-York, in the autumn of 1820, he remarked, that the Fredonian farmer had the advantage of living in the northern, or favourable hemisphere, because the sun remained eight days every year longer north than south of the equator. This fact is, or ought to be, familiar to all. The schoolboy can ascertain it, by counting the days in the almanac.

"To account for this fact, we are to suppose the eccentricity of the earth to be considerable; that is, that the sun is not in the centre of the earth's orbit, which is known to be elliptical. The earth traverses more than half her orbit, while the sun is north of the equator, and *apparently* passing through the six northern signs. The earth, in December, is in her perihelion, and in June in her aphelion. If my memory serves, she is about two millions of miles nearer to the sun in winter than in summer. The earth, of course, must move much swifter in her orbit in winter than in summer. Is not the increase of the earth's velocity, as she approaches the winter solstice, greater than has been supposed?

"The average diurnal velocity of the earth in her orbit, is about 2,700,000 miles. And would it not throw light on the subject, if some practical astronomer would inform us how far the earth travels on the longest and shortest days of the year? The difference between the extreme of velocity in December and the extreme of slowness in June, deserves to be marked.

"If the sun be nearer by one fifth of his mean distance, his attraction will be increased in proportion. We have proofs of this in the fact, that the tides, which are caused, *in part*, by solar attraction, are highest when the sun is nearest the earth. These inferences could not, I think, have escaped the notice of the old authors. Why, then, are they not mentioned in the late edition of Ferguson's Astronomy?

"The proportion of solar heat is to that of the southern, as 91 to 87: or, the favoured people of the north have enjoyed more sunshine since the creation, than their southern neighbours, by about 130 years. This opens a wide, and nearly untrodden field, for

the philosopher. Is the land in the southern hemisphere of inferior fertility?

"We want a great deal more knowledge of South America and South Africa, as well as of New Holland. The weight of land on our globe lies north of the equator: here is nearly all the science and civilization. Is not this as much owing to physical as moral causes?

"The destitution of rivers and lakes must ever render Africa an arid desert, a prey to ignorance and barbarism; and except from colonization, small hopes are entertained of New Holland."

LITERATURE.

Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron.

By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons.

THIS eagerly expected volume has just issued from the press of Wilder and Campbell. Every thing relating to the illustrious individual of whom it treats, is of deep and surpassing interest to the literary world. The whole pack of defamers and slanderers may bark and howl on—the deep-mouthed throng of revilers, now that their prey is dead, may rush forth from their kennels in triumph. "for a living dog is better than a dead lion"—yet, in spite of all their efforts, the world will listen with undying attention when the theme of conversation is Lord Byron. Let us be understood on this subject—of those who honestly and sincerely condemn the evil nature of a portion of his writings, we would never think or speak otherwise than with respect. With them, we freely admit that the eagle did not always soar in pure sunshine, and that at times he "descended to prey on garbage." With them, we regret that the stream of inspiration was frequently stained and polluted, as it flowed along. But of the intolerant and insect-souled tribe of envious and cowardly libellers, who follow the steps of genius with falsehood and defamation—who meanly stab the dead and shrink from the living—who profane the sanctity of private and domestic character—we shall never fear to speak with execration and with scorn. Such wretches are too vile for revenge and too base for hatred; an honourable man would be degrading himself and exalting them by a quarrel with them—they are not

worth the honour of his enmity. The proper punishment would be

"To put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world."

With the exception of Napoleon, there never was a great man more abused as to personal character than Byron. In his quarrel with his wife and her relations, the world very politely and very gallantly took part with the lady, and in its sympathy with a shallow, self-sufficient, and heartless woman, honoured the gifted poet with the titles of villain, monster, and fiend. All this was very generous, very noble, and very chivalrous. But the simple unsophisticated truth is, that his wife deserted him, not he his wife. He was by no means anxious to part from her, but as she chose to act in a very silly manner and go off in a pet, when there was no just cause of offence, and as he chose to behave like a man of sense and spirit, we do not exactly conceive the justice of abusing him, on the occasion. When a woman forgets the delicacy and propriety of her sex, she forfeits the respect and attention which otherwise she has a right to demand. On the subject of this family quarrel as well as his own character, we shall quote his own language—it is the language of truth, for Byron was too proud to use falsehood or misrepresentation.

B.

"You ask if Lady Byron were ever in love with me—I have answered that question already—No! I was the fashion when she first came out: I had the character of being a great rake, and was a great dandy, both of which young ladies like. She married me from vanity and the hope of reforming and fixing me. She was a spoiled child, and naturally of a jealous disposition; and this was increased by the infernal machinations of those in her confidence."

"First, she refused me, then she accepted me, then she separated herself from me: so much for consistency. I need not tell you of the obloquy and opprobrium that were cast upon my name when our separation was made public. I once made a list from the Journals of the day, of the different worthies, ancient and modern, to whom I was compared. I remember a few: Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly the ——. All my former friends, even my cousin, George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife's part. He followed the stream when it was strongest against me, and can

never expect any thing from me: he shall never touch a sixpence of mine. I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men, and my wife as a suffering angel—an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of the sex. I was abused in the public prints, made the common talk of private companies, hissed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult. The Examiner was the only paper that dared say a word in my defence, and Lady Jersey the only person in the fashionable world that did not look upon me as a monster."

"Almost all the friends of my youth are dead; either shot in duels, ruined, or in the galleys;" (mentioning the names of several.)

"Among those I lost in the early part of my career, was Lord Falkland,—poor fellow! our fathers' fathers were friends. He lost his life for a joke, and one too he did not make himself. The present race is more steady than the last. They have less constitution and not so much money—that accounts for the change in the morals."

"I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction. Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated, if I could have done so. I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful, and rich girl, and yet was miserable. He had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke: and to show you how firmly I was resolved to attend to his advice, I betted Hay fifty guineas to one, that I should always remain single. Six years afterwards I sent him the money. The day before I proposed to Lady Byron, I had no idea of doing so."

"My own master at an age when I most required a guide, and left to the dominion of my passions when they were the strongest, with a fortune anticipated before I came into possession of it, and a constitution impaired by early excesses, I commenced my travels in 1809, with a joyless indifference to a world that was all before me."

"Women were there as they were ever fated to be, my bane. Like Napoleon, I have always had a great contempt for women; and formed this opinion of them not hastily, but from my own fatal experience. My writings, indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my imagination has always delighted in giving them a *beau idéal* likeness, but I only drew them as a painter or statuary would do,—as they should be. Perhaps my prejudices, and keeping them at a distance, contributed to prevent the illusion from altogether being worn out and destroyed as to their celestial qualities."

"You believe in Plato's three principles; why not in the Trinity? One is not more mystical than the other. I don't know why I am considered an enemy to religion, and an unbeliever."

"I have a great horror of anniversaries; people only laugh at, who have never kept a register of them. I always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so last year; and, what was very remarkable, my letter reached her on my wedding-day, and her answer reached me at Ravenna on my birthday! Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette."

"Where shall we set bounds to the power of steam? Who shall say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further?' We are at present in the infancy of science. Do you imagine that, in former stages of this planet, wiser creatures than ourselves did not exist? All our boasted inventions are but the shadows of what has been,—the dim images of the past—the dream of other states of existence. Might not the fable of Prometheus, and his stealing the fire, and of Briareus and his earth-born brothers, be but traditions of steam and its machinery? Who knows whether, when a comet shall approach this globe to destroy it, as it often has been, and will be destroyed, men will not tear rocks from their foundations by means of steam, and hurl mountains, as the giants are said to have done, against the flaming mass?—and then we shall have traditions of Titans again, and of wars with Heaven."

A Peep at the Pilgrims. Wells and Lilly, Boston. 1824.

THE American novelists have an exhaustless store of materials in the scenes of the 17th century. There is a deep interest in the reality of the sufferings, perils, and adventures of the pilgrims who settled New-England, and their descendants can never think upon them without respect and admiration. The causes that led to their emigration, were of so lofty an intellectual character—they displayed in their adversities and dangers such a union of Christian endurance and martial audacity, that they merit immortal fame equally with the saints and heroes of old. If it be urged against them, that after having escaped from persecution they became persecutors—that after suffering every hardship rather than yield the rights of conscience, they denied

those rights to others—that many of them became bigots and fanatics: it is enough to answer that they were *men*, subject to the follies, the weakness, and the vices which blot the brightest and the noblest characters. Besides, their subsequent errors could not detract from the majesty of that original excitement, which roused them to surrender every blessing of life rather than bear fetters around the soul.

The work before us, treats of these men and these scenes. It is written in a liberal and impartial spirit, and paints the characters of the leading men who figured in those days, with a candour and justice highly honourable to the author. A portion of the work is devoted to the delineation of the Indian character. The noble sons of the forest have been as much wronged by the whites in character, as in property. We are glad to meet with *one* novelist who does not shrink from doing justice to the savage virtues of this abused, persecuted, and desolated race.

The "*Peep at the Pilgrims*" is unequal in its style, sometimes rising to much elegance, and at others harsh and laboured. Its sentiments throughout are just, moral, and honourable.

B.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three: to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

FEMALE STRATAGEM

OF all the stratagems resorted to by female ingenuity to obtain a suitable husband, we know of none so extraordinary as that of the French lady who gave out that her head resembled a "Death's Head." Among the numerous lovers, who, in consequence of the immense wealth she was reputed to possess, aspired to the honour of her hand, in spite of the terrors of her face, there were reckoned no less than five hundred and nineteen reformed rakes, and two hundred ruined gamblers. She shewed to a person who was in her confidence, twenty-five or thirty letters which she had received from Belgium, written by certain well known characters, who said they would never revolt, though she should prove to be the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress, and wed the plague it-

self, so they could procure abundance of gold. All their letters she left unanswered; but to a few poor devils who solicited her hand in a gallant style, she was generous enough to order her secretary to return thanks. Her friend was permitted to take a copy of the following:—

“Madam.—Report has doubtless painted you less handsome than you are; but none, at least, will refuse to admit that your physiognomy is expressive. I should have had the honour of presenting myself before you, and of declaring my passion, had not pitiless creditors detained me in the Conciergerie. I must beg you will have the goodness to pay me a visit, to receive the proposition I am so anxious to make. Though you may have shewn a little of the coquet, in order to set yourself off to the best advantage, that is not the fault of nature; consequently, it can make no difference in my intentions. No aspect can be more hideous in the eyes of a prisoner, than his prison. Bring me liberty, and you will appear charming indeed. If you should favour me with a visit, you will see a young man, twenty-five years of age, who has, among other advantages, that of a tolerable person, with a mind proper to meet worldly success. He has moreover, the honour to declare his most ardent vows.

FOLLEVILLE.

“P.S.—Be so good as to request the gaoler of the Conciergerie to lend his parlour for our interview.”

The mind of the young lady did not tend to a union, in consequence of the above invitations; yet her heart was not insensible. In the brilliant circles in which she moved, covered constantly with a mask, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views. The young man, on his part, was so much charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments which the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation, that he at length declared all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she would feel in acceding to his proposal, but expressed to him, at the same time, the dread, that he would repent on beholding her face, which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She urged him to beware of rashness, and consider well, whether he could bear the wretched disappointment he might incur. “Well, well!” said the young man, “accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband.” “I consent,” replied she; “but remember, that I shall not survive the appearance of affright, and disgust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage.”—“I will not shrink from the proof;

it is your heart, and not your figure, I love.” “In eight days,” said the lady, “you shall be satisfied.” They prepared for the marriage, and, notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property on him. “If you have not courage enough to suffer,” said she, “for your companion, I shall at least, be consoled by the reflection, that I have enriched him whom I love, and he will, perhaps, drop a tear to my memory.” Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask. What a situation for the husband! His heart palpitated—his face turned pale—the mask fell—he beheld an angel of beauty! She then exclaimed affectionately, “You have not deserved deformity—you merit the love of beauty!” The happy couple left Paris the next day for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RULES TO DISCOVER MARRIED PERSONS.

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree on trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.
2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.
3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,
4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman any thing carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,
5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,
6. If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the attention of every gentleman in the room but *one*, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—that *one* is her husband.
7. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room, excepting *one*, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cool, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is nobody can be at a loss to discover.
6. If you see a young or an old couple jarring, checking, and thwarting each

other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed; eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey-bubbles floating on vinegar, which soon are overwhelmed by the preponderance of the fluid, they are, to all intents, man and wife. It is impossible to be mistaken.

A LECTURE ON WHIMS.

What is a whim? This is perhaps a whimsical question; but really, what is a whim, I repeat? Why, sir, a whim is a wish without a motive; a journey to the moon, an elegant prelude to a fit of green-tea vapours, a falling in love with an old man on account of his age, a resolution to die an old maid, or bachelor—all out of whim, pure, innocent, whim; nothing more, sir. 'Oh, dear mama (cries Miss Flirtilla) I can't bear him; I never will have him.' 'La, child (cries mama,) what is your reason; why say so?' 'Ah, dear, dear, me, I don't know why; I don't indeed; but I won't have him, no, that I won't.' 'Well, I declare I never more will read those vile, wicked, abominable, detestable books (cries Miss Prunella;) farewell to Shakspeare, Scott, Southey, Byron, Campbell, and all such impious poets; mine hereafter be Bunyan, Baxter, Watts, and Fox's Martyrs; and I declare I never will leave off reading them, never, never, till I am—tired.' 'O, dolci, dolci Italian (roars Scintilla;) sweet, soft, elegant, charming, melting language, I will be mistress of it, I will if it costs me three days' hard study! Brother, I entreat you, do purchase me a grammar, dictionary, Tasso, Metastasio, &c.; and I'll rise every morning at four o'clock, unless, indeed, I—oversleep myself.' Miss Traconda no sooner rises than she thinks there is something very particular in the atmosphere, which prognosticates, if not a storm, clouds and showers; the tea is wretchedly bad, the bread not half toasted, cups dirty, all is wrong, and the very cat is out of her good graces; she is most elegantly dying the whole day with the vapours—'most whimsical, most melancholy.'

Whims appear to be peculiarly a female foible. They may be divided into four classes: 1st, the whim amatory; 2d, the whim religious; 3d, the whim literary; 4th, the whim cross-patch. It would be scarcely worth while to write a lecture on a subject apparently so trifling, did not daily experience tell us that they are, in these accomplished times, so much indulged and acted on, that public welfare demands some one to enter his protest against such trifling, and to exhort the fair not to wrap themselves up in such romantic and idle dreams.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 13. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIRRA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Last of the O'Neils.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Recollections of Italy.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mrs. Barry.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Perpetual Periodical Table. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.* No. VII.

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—January. Ear-Rings and Ear-Picks.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Time and Expense.*

POETRY.—*Ode for the New-Year; and other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall esteem it a favour to hear frequently from our correspondent at Delhi.

We hope the authoress of "Sappho" will often contribute to our columns.

A regard to variety prevents our publishing the whole of "The Stranger's Lay." This explanation is due to the author whose mental powers we esteem.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Bliss & White have in the press "A New View of Society." By Robert Owen of New Lanark.

The Narrative of Major Long's Expedition to the force of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepec, Lake of the Woods, &c. performed in the year 1823, by order of the government, has been published by Messrs. Carey & Lea of Philadelphia.

Mr. Augustus Day of Philadelphia has invented a stove, by which it is said a room may be kept warm for a whole day, at the small expense of four cents worth of Lehigh coal. It is so constructed that a constant supply of aqueous vapour is made to pass through it, which becomes decomposed, and thus a powerful heat is produced by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen.

On the Ohio, between Louisville and Pittsburgh, there are now 24 steam boats ready to be launched, all of which are stated to be intended for the lower trade, and averaging 200 tons each; giving an aggregate of 48,000 tons.

MARRIED,

Mr. T. Powell to Miss E. Day.

A. Gifford, Esq. to Miss L. C. Cammann.

DIED,

Mr. A. Root, aged 30 years.

Mrs. J. Sutherland, aged 41 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

STANZAS TO ———.

THOUGH fate hath for aye disunited the chain
Which love, in the days of our childhood, entwined,
Though the hope of our morning hath sparkled in vain,
And fled from our sight like a dream of the mind;
Yet still when in visions my spirit is free,
It roams to the hours which have faded away.
When the prime of my life was embellished by thee,
And promised a happy, a heavenly day.

Soon this feverish being will slumber in rest,—
Oh, calm be it's slumber the green earth below!
Then, when passions shall cease to bewilder my breast,
And death wraps my form in his mantle of snow;
Wilt thou weep over him who hath loved thee so well
Through each tempest that troubled life's turbulent sea?

Wilt thou pour, gentle girl, the lamenting farewell
To him who hath loved, who hath idolized thee?

Yes—thou wilt remember and mourn o'er his lot,
When others his grave pass neglectfully by;
By the cold and unkind he will soon be forgot,
But remembered awhile in the tears of thine eye.
Thou only didst love him—his fate was so wild,
Friends shrunk from the woe he was doomed to sustain,
From his birth he was marked for adversity's child,
The victim of passion, the minion of pain.

Yet his proud spirit bent not, though fortune in wrath,
Black midnight and storm o'er his destiny spread,
One star, lone and bright, still shone over his path,
Through the frown of the clouds that hung over his head.

Fair star of his being! no tempest could shroud thee—
Fair star of his being! unchanged was thy ray,
No hatred could hide and no envy could cloud thee,
Though hatred and envy encumbered his way!

Unaltered by trials, unshaken by fears,
Though abandoned by hope in thy beauty's young bloom.

When thy friend sleeps in death, let thy memory's tears
Descend on the grass that waves over his tomb—
And if passion hath urged him from virtue to rove,
In the mazes of folly and error to stray,
Plead thou for his faults to the Spirit above,
Let thy tears be the Lethe to wash them away!

J. G. B.

THE MARINER'S FAREWELL.

Our sunny sails are flapping to the newly risen day:
And the gun is pealing far and wide, that summons me away:

Yet ere I go from thee, my love, again oh hear me tell
This one fond tale, so often told—I love thee, Isabelle.

Although the swelling ocean is my country and my home;
[foam;

Though dear to me its murmurs are, its billows, and its
Yet this lone bow'r of thine, my love, yon mountain,
and that dell,

Are dearer far, because they are, the home of Isabelle.

Oh, weep not, Isabelle, that I must part so soon from thee;

Thine, shall my latest orisons, my dearest wishes be:
By this last kiss of happiness, and by this fond farewell,
I swear to love thee evermore, my own dear Isabelle.

The land of joy he leaves behind, is fading from his view;

[blue;
The scenes he loves are mingling all in ocean's misty
But when the last faint mountain sunk, how did his bosom swell

With anguish, while he sigh'd, adieu—adieu to Isabelle.

And now the haughty foeman's sail, is frowning o'er the deep.

[their sleep;
And the cannon's angry voice awakes the echoes from
Amid the loud commotion of the battle's closing yell,
One pray'r he breath'd—but 'twas a pray'r, alone—for Isabelle.

Alas that day, for victory, his bosom's blood he gave:
He saw not when the foeman's flag was humbled with the wave;

[he fell,
And though the shouts of triumph rang around him, as
His dying lips did tremble—with the name of Isabelle.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

Ὠρμᾶν' ἐκ' θαλάμοιο, τερπνὰ κατὰ δάκρυ
χέουσα. HOMER.

Why fall those tears
So ominous on this morn of bliss?
What place can fears
Find in an hour like this?

Descending large and slow,
As drops from dark clouds fall at first—
Say, do they flow
Prophetic of its burst?

Do thy sighs foretell
That woes will soon our joy deform,
Like ocean's swell
That heaves to meet the storm?

Ah, no! my sighs are heaved
By the risings of my buoyant breast,
From loads relieved
Of doubt that on it prest.

These tears' soft shower
Hath joy's warm sun called to mine eye,
Its parent power
Will soon the moisture dry. MUTATOR.

THE GLEN.

It was a little glen—a solitude—
By Nature fashioned in her gayer mood;
There was so much of sunshine in its shade;
Such pleasant music from the brook, that made
Its way o'er pebbles, shining white, like pearls
Amid some royal maiden's raven curls.
It had no distant prospect: The blue sky
Closed like a dome o'er the sweet sanctuary;
And forest trees, like pillars, girt it round,
Whose branches, summer tapestry, swept the ground;
And then there was a little open space,
Enough to mirror on the water's face
A glimpse of the bright heaven. Upon its banks
Grew the sweet thousands of the harebell's ranks,
Amid white daisies, that, like light and air
And hope and love, are common every where;

And like a couch spread the voluptuous heath,
 Scenting the air with its Arabian breath.
 And all was silence,—save when the wild bees,
 Intoxicate with their noon revelries.
 Murmuring, kiss'd the blossoms where they lay;
 Or when the breeze bore a green leaf away;
 Or when the flutter of the cusha's wing
 Echoed its song of plaintive languishing—
 The music of complaint it filled the grove,
 A mingled tone of sorrow and of love.
 On one side of the brook a willow tree
 Grew droopingly, as if foredoomed to be
 For aye a mourner,—as but made to wave
 A sign and shadow o'er some maiden's grave,
 Who with some deep and inward secret pined,
 Till the pale beauty of her youth declined;
 And still her secret with her life was kept,
 Till both together in the dark grave slept—
 And then they said 'twas love. But in this spot,
 Whence care departed, and where grief came not,
 It drooped, but not in grief, but as it meant
 To kiss the ripples over which it bent.
 'Twas just a nook for happy love to dream
 O'er all the many joys and hopes that seem
 To its fond vision like the bursting flowers,
 Whose opening only waits the summer hours;
 And yet, with all it breathes and blooms of June,
 Not this the spot that I would seek at noon—
 It has too much of happiness.

THE SPANIARD'S SONG.

(Translated by Mr. Bowring.)

"How wretched the fate of the fetter-bound slave!
 How green and how holy the patriot's grave!
 Let us rush to the field! for the trump from afar
 Calls Spaniards to triumph, and heroes to war!
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

O list to the summons! the blood of our sires
 Boils high in our veins, and 'tis vengeance inspires,
 Who bows to the yoke? who bends to the blow?
 No hero will bend, and no Spaniard will bow!
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

My children, farewell! my beloved, adieu!
 My heart's blood shall flow in its torrents for you;
 These arms shall be red with the gore of the slain,
 Ere they clasp thee, fond wife! to this bosom again!
 Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
 To conquer,—to perish for freedom and Spain!

AFFECTION'S RELIC.

Take a lock from the snow-covered head,
 Ere it vanish for ever from view;
 For a sign of the years that have fled,
 And a pledge of mortality too.

Take a lock from the infant new born,
 As it sinks in its cradle away;
 That its pureness thy deeds may adorn,
 And its meekness thy spirit display.

Take a lock from the innocent maid,
 As she bends her last gaze upon life;
 There's a charm in the beautiful braid,
 That will guard thee in danger and strife.

Take a lock from the head of the wise,
 As the lights of their wisdom expire;
 And see them again in the skies,
 Renew'd in their splendour and fire.

Take a lock ere the covetous tomb,
 The form of thy true one encloses;
 And blend with that lock the perfume
 Of death-stricken lilies and roses.

Take a lock from the brow of the brave,
 And with bay leaves the relic entwine;
 'Twill teach thee to conquer and save,
 And through ages of glory to shine.

MAN'S ASYLUM.

(From the French of Delavigne.)

The bird may fly off to the nest
 That cradled its earliest rest;
 The roe-buck may bask 'neath the tree;
 The hare from the hunters may flee;
 The worm in an apple may lie,
 'Neath a leaf may be sheltered the fly;
 All may peace from their enemies save—
 But Man's refuge is only the grave.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Anything.
 PUZZLE II.—Level.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

The mother of evil, the parent of good,
 I never could eat, yet make all things my food.
 I am grave, I am gay, I am foolish and wise,
 Some men I degrade, while I make others rise:
 I cause pleasure and pain, sweet concord and strife,
 And all things can create, and destroy all, e'en life!
 I was found in the ark, have been known ever since—
 (Men, woman, and children, this truth can evince)
 And ne'er shall relinquish my station on earth,
 While on it are found wisdom, folly, or worth.
 One hint further I'll give, then bid you adieu,
 At this time I am happy in dwelling with you.

II.

I form a body, yet am but a name;
 As age creeps on more bright my beauty burns;
 Best known am I when none know whence I came:
 He gives me all, who all to nothing turns.

ANAGRAMS.

I. A Deal Barn. (A Constellation.)
 II. No Raw Eggs.

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